

The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME III.

DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1860.

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The Republican.

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By W. H. CAMPBELL.

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For every description neatly ex- ecuted with promptness on the most favorable terms. Orders solicited.

Business Directory.

PROFESSIONAL.

H. PORTER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at Alward's Book Store, Dowagiac, Mich.

W. E. CLARKE, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon. Office at his residence, on Division Street, directly north of the Methodist Church, Dowagiac, Mich.

W. H. CAMPBELL,
Notary Public. Will attend to all kinds of Conveyancing—Republican Office, Dowagiac, Mich.

JUSTUS GAGE,
Notary Public and general agent for the exchange and transfer of Village Lots, and sale of real Estate. Agent for the Manhattan and Irving Insurance Companies, of New York. Office with James Sullivan, front room, second floor, Jones' Brick Block.

CLARKE & SPENCER,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery. Office in G. C. Jones & Co.'s Block, Dowagiac, Michigan. Special attention given to collections throughout the North-west.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

GEORGE MILLER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care.

D. H. WAGNER,
Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cass County, Mich.

CHARLES W. CLISBEE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Notary Public, Cass County, Mich. Collections made, and the proceeds promptly remitted.

MERCHANTS.

H. B. MACKIN,
Tailor, Dowagiac, Mich. Shop on east end of Alward's Block. Cutting and making done on short notice. All work warranted.

TUTHILL & STURGES,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Clothing, Crochery, &c., &c. Dowagiac, Mich.
Grand Terminal. W. R. STURGES.

S. D. BARRETT,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Dowagiac, Mich. Particular attention paid to all kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing, and Letter Engraving of every style.

GEORGE SMITH,
Tailor. Shop on Brownell's Hardware Store. Cutting and making done to order, and warranted to fit.

A. N. ALWARD,
General Dealer in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Wrapping Paper, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Dowagiac, Mich.

G. C. JONES & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crochery, Glassware, Hats and Caps. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

F. G. LARZELERE,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crochery, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints and Oils, Hardware, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

MACHINERY STORE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. B. DENMAN,
Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich. Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and Swamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the State.

DOWAGIAC NURSERY.

SEELEY & COLE, having established themselves in the Nursery business in this village, will furnish to order Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Lawns, Blackberries, Cherry Currants, Grape Vines, &c., &c. and every variety of Shrubby Plants, at all times to the satisfaction of the public. Office on the corner of Commercial St., near the Post Office.

T. P. SEELEY, M. D.
W. M. COLE.

F. D. BECKWITH,
Machinist and Engineer. Foundry and Machine Shop at the foot of Front street, near the railroad bridge, Dowagiac, Mich.

DR. A. C. JONES.

WOULD respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of this Village, and surrounding country, that he has personally located himself in this place, and opened an office for the practice of Dentistry in all its departments, over Porvoss' Gun Shop, on front street, where he may be found, prepared at all times to meet a variety of styles of Dental Plates, to suit the various tastes, and also, to do all the various operations in Dentistry. In neatness and durability, his work is unsurpassed. Call and examine my work. All work warranted.

Dowagiac, July 30, 1860.
A. C. JONES, aug1-15tf.

UNION HOTEL.

M. J. BALDWIN, PROPRIETOR.

CASSAPOLIS, MICHIGAN.

Good accommodations for man and beast.

Board by the day and week.

PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass.—
At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Cass, holden at the Probate Office, in Cassopolis, on Thursday the twenty-seventh day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty. Present—Clifford Shanahan, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Kinchen Aris, deceased. On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of Jefferson Osborn, praying for license to sell real estate of said deceased. Thereupon it is ordered, that Saturday, the fourth day of November next, at ten o'clock, in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, be required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office in Cassopolis, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Cass County Republican, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Cass, for four successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

C. SHANAHAN, Judge of Probate.
September 27, 1860. oct4-24w4

CHANCERY SALE.

By virtue of a decree of order made and entered in the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Michigan, in the cause wherein Anna M. Sack and others, Complainants, and Rollin C. Denison, Caroline C. Denison and Lawrence Brewer are Defendants. I shall sell at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, situated in the village of Dowagiac, County of Cass and State of Michigan, on the 23rd day of November, 1860, at four o'clock in the afternoon, printed and circulating in said County of Cass, for four successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

GEORGE G. BULL, Master in Chancery of said Court.
Dated, October 2d, 1860. oct4-24w4

PROBATE NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass Pro-
bate Court.—Whereas application has been made to the said court by Rebecca Ann Lewis, Administratrix of the estate of Jonathan W. Lewis, deceased, for the final settlement of her administration accounts in said estate: And more or less commissioners have been appointed to examine and adjust the claims against said estate: Notice is therefore hereby given, that the first Thursday of November next, to-wit: November 1st, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House in Cassopolis, in said County of Cass, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time and place all persons having claims against said estate will present them to said court for final settlement.

And it is hereby ordered that the above notice be published in the Cass County Republican, once in each week for four weeks in succession, immediately preceding said settlement.

C. SHANAHAN, Judge of Probate.
October 1st, 1860. oct4-24w4

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a license granted by Clifford Shanahan, Judge of the Probate Court for the County of Cass in the State of Michigan, I shall offer for sale at public auction, on Saturday the seventeenth day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, in the north-east quarter of section seven, in township five south of range fourteen west, in Cass County, Michigan, containing forty acres of land more or less, on Saturday the seventeenth day of November next, between the hour of nine o'clock in the forenoon and the setting of the sun the next day, at the School House in District number three, in the township of Volinia in said County of Cass, for the payment of the debts of David Crane, Jr., deceased, and the costs and charges of said administration, subject to the right of Dower of Charity Crane, widow of said deceased.

S. SHANAHAN, Adm'r.
September 29, 1860. oct4-24w4

PROBATE NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass Pro-
bate Court.—Whereas application has been made to the said court by Samuel Rockwell, Executor of the estate of Silas Clough, deceased, for the final settlement of his administration accounts in said estate: And more or less commissioners have been appointed to examine and adjust the claims against said estate: Notice is therefore hereby given, that the third Saturday in October next, has been appointed by said court for examining and adjusting the claims against said estate, and for final settlement of the same, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time and place all persons having claims against said estate will present them to said court for final settlement.

And it is hereby ordered that the above notice be published in the Cass County Republican once in each week for four weeks in succession, immediately preceding said settlement.

C. SHANAHAN, Judge of Probate.
September 15, 1860. sept20-22w4

IN FULL OPERATION.

VAN RIPERS' WOOLEN MILLS.

ON account of the extensive business which the above named Mills have been doing, and in order to enlarge their Mill, and build New Machinery in order to accommodate their many customers. And hoping that they will receive a liberal patronage from their old friends, they would again issue their call for Wool for manufacturing into

CLOTHS, SATINETS, Cassimeres, Jeans, Blankets, Flannels, STOCKING YARN, &c., &c.

which will be manufactured at less than the usual rates.

Also on hand, a large supply of Manufactured Goods, which cannot be equalled for wear, to

Exchange for Wool.

The very best of

ROLL CARDING

will be done for those who will bring Clean Wool.

N. B.—Bring on your Wool as fast as possible.

G. & J. J. VAN RIPER, La Grange, May, 1860. may31-64tf

Fruit Trees. Fruit Trees.

Citizens of Cass Co. and Vicinity.

WE would call your attention to our fine stock of 3 year old Apple Trees which we will sell as

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

They are stocky, healthy, unexcelled and unsurpassed by any in the Country. Patronize a home institution for your own profit.

We have also a fine lot of Pear Trees, Dwarf and Standard Peach Trees, Lawton Blackberries, Wilson Albany Strawberries.

SEELEY & COLE, Dowagiac, August 16, 1860. aug16-17m2

Prayer.

Breathed from a single human heart,
Prayer rises on celestial wings;
Ere from the lips the accents part,
In Heaven the thought immortal springs.

The feeblest murmur, faint and lone,
Hallowed in prayer's divine employ,
Triumphantly swells on high, a tone
In concert with eternal joy.

In prayer, what grief and vanquished sin,
Like fœes retiring, backwards roll!
While guests angelic, entering in,
Unlock the prison of the soul.

But scourged in sin, and bowed with shame,
When a whole humbled people prays,
On, to what songs of glad acclaim
The choirs of heaven their raptures raise!

The earth draws near the meeting skies—
Wide fly the gates of pearl and gold—
And mortals with immortal eyes
The city of our God behold.

Mercy and Grace thence issue forth,
And Peace renews the smiling land,
In Him, the Lord of all the earth,
Who holds the nation in his hand.

Five Minutes Work.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

"Here, Lizzie, I wish you would put a few stitches into my coat; its getting so shabby."

"It is so, Frank; but really I think you had best take it to the tailor."

"Take it to the tailor? By George! but that's a huge idea. Why there's not five minutes work to be done, and the tailor would charge a dollar."

"I suppose he would, but I don't see how I can do it to-day. Walter is fretful, and you know he kept me awake nearly all night."

"Little imp! It does seem to me there never was so cross a young one."

"Oh, no, Frank, he's not cross; he's teething."

"Always some excuse. Well, you must mend my coat, anyhow."

"I will try and find time."

"Try! just let him squall; 'twill do him good—strengthen his lungs."

"Then, you know, it is ironing day."

"Well, how many more excuses? I'll put it on, ribs and all, if you're going to make a fuss."

"O, no, Frank; I did not mean to make a fuss; but it's a long job, and one I am not used to; and, with my dinner to get, and baby, and ironing, I do not see yet, how I can get it done. But I'll do my best."

Such was the conversation that passed between a young husband and wife of eighteen months standing.

Frank Burton was what the world calls a real driver. He made anything that went through his hands insured to his own benefit. Everybody liked him because he was so frank, and withal so honest and upright in all his dealings with his customers. He was well educated for a business man; lived in society; had made up his mind that he could support a wife, and, according to his reckoning, save something to boot. Yes, to be sure he could. There were six dollars a week for board, one dollar a dozen for washing, and then quarters and dimes innumerable for taking his lady acquaintances to ride, to the theatre, to ice-cream saloons, balls, operas, &c.

"By George!" he exclaimed, as he cast up his yearly account, "That's huge. It's enough to break a fellow. A thousand a year! It won't do; I'll marry and settle down."

So he applied to Lizzie Forsyth, the best and kindest girl among his acquaintances, to help him along in his good resolves and was soon in the possession of that admirable burden "a wife."

Lizzie was a good, sensible girl, and was soon tired of boarding. A snug house was rented, and the work of supporting a wife began in earnest. The five rooms cost two hundred a year, and were prettily furnished. Lizzie preferred to do her own work, washing and all, and being expert with her needle, now and then found time to make a dollar extra. Then, as it was a little lonesome for Frank, he brought home several clerks, as day boarders, at four dollars a week. Still with all this, he would tell his acquaintances how much less it cost him to live. Now he supported a wife, he never seemed, for a moment, to realize that she it was who was saving all these expenses, and that, if he had not earned a dollar, her busy hands would have paid the rent and kept him from starving.

So the matter stood when he asked her to mend his coat. Lizzie drew a deep sigh after he was gone, and hurried her dishes away as fast as possible.

The coat was of broadcloth, and was this wedding garment; but it was well high wearing out, broken under in the arms, the cord and linen in rags, the sleeve linings broke loose, buttons worn off; in fine there was nearly, if not quite a day's work. She sat down to the coat with hearty good will, determined to do her best. Her needle flew, but every moment it had to be laid down, to see to dinner or hush the baby. The hours wore away, and though she did all she possibly could, the job was still unfinished at sundown.

Walter cried incessantly. He looked pale, and his eyes were dim. She remembered Frank's words, "Let him squall," and let him cry a half an hour or more. Oh, how it wearied her to hear her darling cry for his mother.

The tears swam in her eyes as she thought of her hard day's work, and the want of appreciation of her labor. She knew she was making the "ould coat look amain as well as new."

But he would never think of the toil she had put upon it. "And what if he

don't she mentally ejaculated: I shall in my own spirit know all that I have done, and that is enough." Still she was longing, longing with sickening heart, to have her labor recognized, to hear him, now and then, speak as if her work was of some avail. "There is not more than five minutes' work, and the tailor would charge me a dollar," kept ringing in her ears.

But Lizzie was strong hearted, as well as loving and dutiful. So she shook off her discontent, put on a smiling face, took up the baby and sang her prettiest lullaby, carried him around with his little head on her shoulder, while she filled the tea kettle and set the table, now and then setting him in the cradle and chirping to him as she did those things that required both of her hands. Thus she worried through supper-getting, and with much managing had all things ready by the time Frank came in with his companions.

"My coat done, Lizzie?"

"No, not quite."

"That's a woman for ye, boys. One half of them would let a husband go out at the elbows a week before they would turn aside from any plan of theirs. All the ironing is completed. I'll be bound. Ain't it so, Lizzie?"

Lizzie was taking her biscuit out of the oven, and the young men did not see the deep flush of pain that flashed over her weary features.

"Will you bring in a pitcher of water, please," she said, pleasantly, not seeming to have heard the question.

"There it is again, when I was a bach I had nothing to do but hand my coat over to the tailor, pay him a dollar, and it was done in a jiffy, and no grumbling. No water to fetch when a fellow's tired either."

Lizzie was tired, sad and nervous; want of sleep, and the exhaustion incident to nursing her beautiful boy, now so near sick—the hurrying to get time for the mending not to speak of the disappointment in putting aside all her own plans, thus throwing her baking and ironing into one day, for both must be done on the morrow, or the clothes would mildew, and the boarders go without bread,—all this was too much. Lizzie could not endure her badinage, though half playful, for she knew, and knew well, that if some such thoughts were not in his mind, they would not have found their way to his lips.

She hastily set the biscuit on the table and saying simply, "supper is ready," stepped in the bedroom, and burst into tears. You may call her a fool, if you will. I do not. You might as well ask the withered leaves to not to fall, when the autumn gale sweeps through them; as well ask flowers not to suffer the morning dews to exhale in sunshine, as to ask a tender, loving, sensitive wife to withhold her tears, when she knows she is wronged. She may forgive, she may look cheerful—an hour after, bright as the sky when the cloud has passed—but she must feel; and it is only when her beautiful nature is destroyed; when as too often is the case, the very traits of character which won a husband's love in the beginning are obliterated; when love turns to hate, that she can bear from him slight or exaction with unmoved indifference.

Lizzie's tears did not flow long; her heart gained its natural relief, and after pretending she was getting Walter to sleep (which she actually did), she bathed her eyes and came out, washed her dishes, and sat down again to the coat.

Frank sat watching her flying fingers for an hour or two, as he laughed and talked with his friend, thinking himself that every turn would be the last. At nine o'clock she had set the last stitch. New facings had been put in, and new pockets, the holes under the arms neatly patched and darned, new cuffs, new buttons and new linings all round. As she finished, she looked up, with still a shade of sadness upon her brow.

"There, Frank I have mended your coat thoroughly. I guess it will last another year now."

"Quite a job, wasn't it too? longer than I thought," said he, depreciatingly.

"How much clear cash have you made to-day, Frank?" asked Lizzie, in an earnest tone.

"What do you want to know that for?" was his answer.

"For my own satisfaction. Certainly I should feel an interest in all your affairs."

"Well, I think she shop has cleared twenty dollars."

"How much do you count your services worth?"

"Not less than five dollars a day."

"How many hours do you labor?"

"Ten is the legal time, now-a-days. I don't generally work that many. But what's all these questions for?"

"Because, Frank, we are husband and wife. We expect to live the rest of our lives together, and if there is harmony in our marriage relation, there must be justice and right. You may call me daily to appreciate your labors, and remind me of the comfort and support you are giving me, and I feel I appreciate anything you do. You have earned five dollars to-day, and the shop has cleared twenty. Yet to save you one dollar, I worked ten hours on your coat, and six in getting your breakfast, dinner and supper, and making your home pleasant and comfortable. To save you that dollar, I have had to hurry all day, to put all my work out of my line, and to really neglect our darling boy, who should be our first care, and the last thing that should under any circumstances, be set aside."

"I had no idea, Lizzie, it was such a job."

"I know you had not, Frank, so shall freely forgive you, but must insist that hereafter I may be allowed to be my own judge of what work I had best do, and shall not expect to be threatened, nor hear myself accused of not being willing to do my duty."

Frank felt the force of her words and sat silent.

"One thing more, Frank. I want to say, while I am about it, that I don't want to hear you talk about supporting your wife. I will not be supported, while I am able to support myself. I find, on looking over my books, that the profits of my labor amount to five dollars a week, and the board of yourself, myself, and the baby beside. Then I do all your extra work and my own. All this saving has gone into your capital to be invested, and to help you make your twenty dollars a day. Out of this come the five dollars you call the worth of your day's work, while I must labor with really weary limbs and aching head and eyes, to save a dollar, in mending an old coat, which, when done, would not sell for the amount of your ten hours' work."

"You are making out a pretty strong case against me, Lizzie."

"No, Frank, not a case against you; I could not do that; but I am stating facts. One thing more. I have been at work three hours since supper, while you have been entirely idle, not even rocking the cradle, which I have been obliged to do half a dozen times."

"Lizzie, don't say another word, and I'll never do so again," said Frank, springing from his chair, to jog the cradle, where the sweet boy was nestling.

"You shall never mend another coat."

"Yes, but I will," answered Lizzie, advancing to the cradle, "only don't tell me ten hours work can be done in five minutes, nor ask me to let the baby squall again."

She lifted Walter from the cradle. They stooped to kiss his fair, rosy cheek, but made a mistake, and kissed each other while Frank whispered:

"God bless you, Lizzie, I never thought of all this before. I won't do it again."

Six years have passed by, and Frank has kept his word.

PUT THAT IMPUDENT RASCAL OUT.

While the congregation were gathered on a certain occasion, an old, hard featured, skin and bone individual, wended his way up the aisle, and took his seat near the pulpit. The officiating minister was one of that class who detested written sermons, and as for prayers, he thought they ought to be the natural outpourings of the heart. After the singing was concluded, the house, as usual, was called to prayer. The genius we have introduced did not kneel, but leaned his head devoutly on the back of the pew. The minister began by saying:

"Father of all, in every age, by saint and by savage adored—'A Pope,' said a low, but clear voice near old hat features. The minister, after casting an indignant look in the direction of the voice, continued—"whose throne sitteth upon the adamantine hills of Paradise—'Milton,' again interrupted the voice. The minister's lips quivered for a moment, but recovering himself, he again began—"we thank Thee, most gracious Father, that we are permitted to assemble once more in Thy name, while others, equally meritorious, but less favored, have been carried beyond that bourne from whence no traveler returns."—"Shakespeare," interrupted the voice. This was too much. "Put that impudent rascal out," shouted the minister. "Original," ejaculated the voice, in the same calm and provoking manner.

Couldn't forgive Noah.—An old fellow, who had become tired of his life, thought he might commit suicide, but he did not wish to without first giving all his enemies. So egotizing within himself, he at last removed the noose from his neck, saying:

"No—'twont do—can't go. I never can nor will forgive old Noah, for letting the copper-headed snake into the ark. The nasty varmints have killed over two thousand dollars worth of my cattle; and when he and I meet, I know that there'll be a general fuss. See if there won't."

Dutchman. "Good morgen, Patrick, how you tuz?" Irishman. "Good morning till ye, Hans; think I'll get rain the day?" Dutch. "I guess not—ve never had much rain in a ferry dry time." Irish. "Faith, and ye're right there, Hans, and thin, whenever it gets in the way o' rainin', devil a bit o' dry weather will ye get as long as the wet spell howlds."

A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bedchamber by three physicians, how to cure the fever and abate the thirst. "Gentlemen," he said, "I will take half the trouble off your hands; you cure the fever and I will abate the thirst myself."

"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a doctor, who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes; "It takes hold first-rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

"There is no place like home" except close to the girl you love.

Steady and Steady.

Steady, when Fortune's dark shadows surround us;
Calm when the winds of Adversity blow;
Brave, when the world's hollow voice would con- found us;
Strong, though its wild wares tumultuous flow—
Steady in tempest, in strife and commotion;
Hope as our anchor to stem the rude sea;
Fierce though the billows and wrathful the ocean—
Steady and ready our maxim shall be.

Ready, when sinister foes would oppress us;
Dauntless in conflict to do and to dare;
Ready to echo the voices which bless us,
When shielding the offering of want and despair